

THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN OUT AND AT HOME.

"A Woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.—Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her."—Prov. xxxi.



"HOME AGAIN, MOTHER, DEAR!—A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU!"

W. C. & S. Sc.

CHAPTERS ABOUT THE WORKS OF GOD.

CHAPTER V.

BUTTERFLIES; OR, THE WONDERFUL CHANGE.

BESIDES all the large animals that live on the earth there are immense numbers of small insects which live entirely in the air, hovering over the trees and plants, and occasionally resting for a moment on some gay flowers. Some have their wings covered with a stiff, hard kind of case, these are called beetles; others have wings so thin that they are just like a bit of net, like the little house-flies; and others have wings spotted and streaked with a variety of brilliant tints, these are the butterflies. They are quite as beautiful as the flowers upon which they rest—flying hither and thither in the sunlight—resting for a moment, and then off again to some sweater flower, sucking up the juices from its blossom, with their long tongues. Some are brown or green, others bright crimson and black or pink and grey; and there are some small ones of a brilliant sky-blue colour. But these butterflies were not always so beautiful as this. They had not always these many-coloured wings and small thin bodies, and long horns, or antennæ as we call them. You would be surprised if you saw them as they once were; their long-shaped soft bodies, with numbers of legs and no wings at all; while, instead of rising above the earth and flying about through the air, they could only crawl slowly along on the ground to find their food. When they are like this, they are called caterpillars, or grubs; and the grubs of some kinds of small flies are called maggots.

Some of the caterpillars are covered with short hair, while others, instead of hair, are of very beautiful colours, though they are not so brilliant as those which they afterwards have. There is one which is as thick as your finger, and about double its length; it is a beautiful green colour, like a fresh apple, with seven purple and white bands on each side, and a yellow and black horn at one end. There is another smaller one which is covered with dark brown hair, except a few square patches on the sides, which are of a bright purple tint. The caterpillar of the common white butterfly, which some of you can always see flying about, is green, with three yellow lines on its back and sides, and a number of black spots, and no hairs.

All caterpillars eat the leaves of plants, and sometimes a number of them, all of one kind, build a sort of white silk nest on a shrub, and here they live together. I have watched one of these nests, and when they wanted food, which they took at regular hours through the day, they all filed out one after the other, through two or three small holes which they had made in the nest, and crawled all over the shrub, eating the leaves. When all had finished their meal they walked back again in quite an orderly manner, and returned into the nest, leaving one at each hole to guard the home and give an alarm if there should be any danger. When the weather was very hot a great number at a time took it in turn with the rest to come out of the nest and lie sleeping on the outside for some time. There were more than five hundred of them in this nest.

When first they come out of the eggs which the butterfly has laid, they are very small indeed, but they grow very fast, and eat a great deal, and there is one very curious thing which happens to them at this part of their life. Their skins do not grow with them, but as they get bigger a new soft skin forms beneath the outer one, and for a day or two they lie in a lazy and sluggish state, and then the outer skin cracks down the back, and the creature wriggles itself out of it in its skin, which soon becomes hardened by exposure to the air and sun. They change their skins like this several times during their caterpillar state.

But at last the time comes for another and a yet more wonderful change; for, as you recollect, they do not always remain caterpillars. After they have lived for a few weeks, or a few months, as caterpillars, they begin to spin themselves a sort of web on some leaf, or in a corner of a wall where they are not likely to be disturbed; or sometimes they go a little way underground. Their outer skin then splits and falls away, and the insect appears in what we call a chrysalis, and so it lies in the silken case or shrord which has spun for itself as if it were dead, without moving or eating, for some weeks or months, or even a whole winter.

Is not this just like what happens to us? After we have lived for a while on earth, like the crawling

insect, unable to rise above it, the time comes for us to die, and then we commit ourselves to the grave, but not to rest there for ever, only to wait, like the insect, for another greater change; to wait, like it, for the glorious spring-morning of resurrection, when we shall burst from the winter of death into the summer of life. "All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come" (Job xiv.). The insect lays itself down in its tomb in hope, looking forward to its day of future life, for the instinct which taught it to build the tomb also taught it that there was a release from its gloom and thralldom. And here, while shut up in its prison, unseen and unnoticed by all around, it becomes more and more prepared for its last and perfect state. Then, when it has lain there for some time, when the days have grown long, and the sun has become warm again, on some bright morning it bursts its prison-house, and comes forth.

But how changed! No longer a worm, crawling on the ground, but with outspread wings ready to fly away over the earth and to spend its life in the air. It creeps upon a leaf, and stands for a short time in the sunshine, eagerly drinking in new life and strength from the light and soft air, and gradually its wings, which were crumpled up and folded back in that small space, spread themselves out and become straight and stiff. When it has gained the strength it needs by basking in the life-giving beams of the sun, it poises itself for a moment and then takes its flight into the air, there to pass the remainder of its life, sporting in the sun-light and flitting from flower to flower. All the food it now requires is the sweet juice of the flowers, which it sucks up by means of a very long, wry tongue, which is coiled up in its mouth.

The means with which the insect is provided for making its escape from the chrysalis case is very curious. Generally at one end they make a little round door, which moves on a hinge, and then, when they are ready to come out, they have only to push this open. They generally make the colour of the chrysalis case the same as the tree, or wall, or leaf, on which they put it, that it may not attract attention and be destroyed. If we were to examine a caterpillar we should find the form of the future butterfly in it, not as it afterwards appears, but all imperfect and unformed, and goes on growing with the caterpillar, until it has become nearly perfect, and then it throws off its outer skin and enters into its temporary grave. And when it has become quite perfect, and ready for its new existence, it comes forth to live in the sunbeams for the remainder of its life.

And so, when the resurrection-day shall come, "we all shall be changed," as St. Paul writes in the 15th chap. of the 1st Corinthians and 51st verse. And such a great and wonderful change will it be, that in speaking of it he says, "Behold, I shew you a mystery." In the first-verse of the same chapter he tells us more about that change, when our bodies which have been buried, shall come forth again; he says, "If [the body] is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body." God has promised to raise the bodies of His people from the dark, cold grave, just as He raised up the body of Christ after He had died, and His disciples had buried Him in the sepulchre in Joseph's garden. That was the pledge to us that we shall rise again. "All shall be made alive, Christ the first-fruits, afterward they that are Christ's at His coming." Our bodies will not be raised up in the same state in which they were buried, they will be changed; now they are frail and perishing—weak and fading, more and more every day, till at last they die, but then they will be powerful, glorious, and never dying. What they will be like we do not fully know: "It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is" (1 John iii. 2). "He is able to change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body" (Phil. iii. 11). "As we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly." But only they that are Christ's shall be thus changed and glorified; they who have rejected Him, and refused to hear Him on earth, shall rise to be sent away to everlasting punishment, while His own people shall be caught up to Him, and be "for ever with the Lord" (1 Thess. iv. 17). "And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt" (Daniel xii. 2).

MARY.

"The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof."

MARGARET ROPER,

ELDEST DAUGHTER OF SIR THOMAS MORE.

AMONG women distinguished for their virtues and accomplishments in the sixteenth century, the three daughters of Sir Thomas More hold an elevated rank.

Margaret, the eldest daughter of this amiable family, was more particularly distinguished for her talents and genius. Dr. Clement and Mr. William Gonell, who ranked with the most celebrated logicians of the age, were her tutors in the languages: from Mr. Dene, Mr. Nicholas, and Mr. Richard Hart, she acquired a knowledge of the arts and sciences. Under the care of these gentlemen, she became mistress of the Greek and Latin; and made considerable progress in astronomy, philosophy, &c. Sir Thomas, to whom all his children were dear, regarded his eldest daughter, in whose attainments and power he felt a laudable pride, with peculiar tenderness.

She is said to have written a pure and elegant Latin style; her father delighted in holding an epistolary correspondence. Some of her letters, which he communicated in confidence to persons of the most distinguished abilities and learning, received high and just praise.

During the prevalence of the extraordinary malady called the sweating sickness, which commenced in the army of Henry VII., 1483, and spreading its contagious influence to London, appeared again at intervals, five times, till 1528, Margaret was seized with this disorder. Her father, while her recovery was doubtful, abandoned himself to the most violent sorrow, and protested, on her restoration to health, that had the malady proved fatal, it was his determination to have resigned all business, and for ever to have abjured the world.

In 1528, in the twentieth year of her age, Margaret gave her hand to William Roper, Esq., a man of talents and learning, amiable and accomplished. The young couple continued to live at Chelsea with the family, till its worthy head, after being taken into custody, was confined in the tower. Till this period the life of Margaret glided on serenely, a calm unruled stream, in the acquisition of science, and the bosom of her relatives. It became now agitated and perturbed by the tragical fate of her beloved and inviolable father. During the imprisonment of Sir Thomas a frequent intercourse passed between him and this beloved daughter; and, when deprived of pen and ink, he contrived to write to her with a coal.

It is related that sentence of death having been passed on Sir Thomas More, his daughter, as he was returning towards the Tower, rushed through the populace and guards, threw herself upon his neck, and, without speaking in a stupor of despair, strained him closely in her arms. Even the guards, at this affecting scene, melted into compassion, while the fortitude of the illustrious prisoner nearly yielded. "My dear Margaret," said he, "submit with patience; grieve no longer for me; it is the will of God, and must be borne." Teadely embracing her, he withdrew himself from her arms. He had not proceeded many paces when she again rushed towards him; again, in a paroxysm of sorrow, more eloquent than words, threw herself on his bosom. Tears flowed down the venerable cheeks of Sir Thomas, while he gazed on her with tender earnestness; yet his heroic purpose continued unmoved. Having entreated her prayers for him, he bade her affectionately farewell, while every spectator dissolved in tender sympathy.

The cares of Margaret extended to the lifeless remains of her beloved parent. By her interests and exertions, his body was, after his execution, interred in the chapel of St. Peter's *ad vincula*, within the precincts of the Tower, and was afterwards removed, according to the appointment of Sir Thomas during his life, to the chancel of the church at Chelsea. His head, having remained fourteen days exposed on London Bridge, in conformity to his sentence, was "about to be cast into the Thames, when it was purchased by his daughter. Being on this occasion inhumanly summoned before the council, she firmly avowed and justified her conduct. This boldness did not escape the vengeance of the king; she was committed to prison, whence, after a short restraint, and vain attempts to subdue her courage by menaces, she was liberated. The remainder of her life was passed in domestic retirement, in the bosom of her family, and in the education of her children. She survived her father only nine years. In compliance with her desire, the head of her father was interred with her, in her arms, as related by some, or, according to others, deposited in a leaden box and placed upon her coffin.

CONFESIONS
OF A FORTUNE TELLER;
OR, THE
HISTORY OF SALLY COOPER.

Edited by the Author of "Recreation and Usefulness."

CHAPTER VI.

In Sally's daily wanderings she came across superstition in every variety of form. While gypsies and fortune-tellers create the evil to a great extent, it is no less true that those pretenders, in numerous instances, do no more than fall in with the superstitious fancies of others. It very often happens that they are applied to, and have suggestions made to them as to the finding of lost property, the disposal of stolen goods, the cure of diseases, or, worse still, the administration of poison. Frequently, when called upon to suffer the legal penalties of their deceitful practices they have tried to defend themselves by the assertion that they were asked to do as they have done, and promised large sums for attempting it.

Sally was passing a pretty country house, the steps of which a lady's maid-servant was cleaning. The gipsy woman made a sign to the servant to come aside out of view from the windows and speak with her, but the girl said:—

"You need not be afraid; my mistress was saying only yesterday that she should like to have a talk with a fortune-teller."

"Let me tell you your fortune, my dear," said Sally, "and then you shall go and tell your mistress that there is a gipsy at the door who can look into the future, cast nativities, draw up horoscopes, tell fortunes by cards, divine by the rod, and show her future destiny in any way she likes best."

"Can you find lost things with your divining rod?" asked the girl.

"To be sure I can, my pretty maid," answered Sally.

"Then I wish you would get me back a brooch which I have lost."

"Where did you lose it, my dear?"

"Last Sunday."

"At what hour of the day?"

"Between four and five in the afternoon."

"Who was with you at the time?"

"Does that make any difference to your being able to find it?" said the girl, blushing.

"Yes, the greatest, my dear. I must use the divining rod in a different manner according as you were alone, or with a man, a woman, or a child."

"Well, then, I was with my sweetheart."

"And lost your heart at the same time as your brooch, I suppose; eh? my good girl! I must go to the place at twelve o'clock next Sunday night, but you must let me have the clothes you had on when you were there last Sunday."

"What do you want them for?"

"To put them altogether just as you wore them, and carry them with me to the spot. Unless I have them with me I cannot find out where the brooch is."

"You will give me them back again, will you not?" asked the maid.

"Certainly, my dear; and if you will add the two heaviest pieces of money you possess, I will tell you whether your sweetheart means to marry you or not."

"Will you give me them back, too?"

"No, my dear; I must keep those, or else the rod will not act."

"I may just as well lose my brooch, then, and buy another."

"But this was a present, was it not?" asked Sally.

"Why—yes—to be sure it was," admitted the girl.

"It is very unlucky to lose a present, and you cannot tell what misfortune will befall you unless you let me get it back for you. My rod is sure to bring you good luck in other ways, besides finding the brooch," boldly declared Sally. In short, she overcame all the doubts and hesitation of the girl, who engaged to comply with her directions.

When the matter was arranged with the servant-maid, the gipsy sent her to tell her mistress, who ordered Sally to be shown into the sitting-room to speak with her.

This person had been brought up among the poor, had gone out to service, and, having attracted the notice and love of a gentleman much her superior, had been married by him. One would have thought, then, that having experienced the loving-kindness and tender watchful care of Providence in the past,

she would have been content to place herself under God's protection for the future, and leave all thought and anxiety to Him. But not so. She saw nothing more than luck and chance in her rise; if, indeed, she did not entirely ascribe it to her own beauty and good management; and she was most anxious to know what the same luck and chance might yet have in store for her.

We know not whether to wonder most at her folly or her ingratitude. Raised by God's providence to a position in which she could enjoy each day as it passed, free from the worrying cares which too many experience, she yet could not trust to God's kindness, but must suffer womanly curiosity to overshadow love and confidence in her heart. How foolish, too, to wish to look into the future, when it was quite as likely to bring her sorrow as joy. Why not be content to make the most of what she had as long as it lasted? In her comfortable room were several nicely chosen books, which it afforded her husband pleasure to read. If she would have tried to share his tastes, and pursued these and similar works, instead of spending every leisure moment in studying new fashions, or gossiping with her servant or neighbours, they might have filled up many of the charms in her understanding, now left free for the devices and temptations of Satan. Idleness, vanity, and folly, were the spirits with which she chiefly conversed; and, as a matter of course, their presence kept at a distance qualities with which it would have been to her interest to become familiar, and even brought worse associates in their train.

"You have a lucky face of your own, ma'am," said Sally, as she entered the room; "a luckier, for certain, never did I see. Let me tell you your fortune; will you, my pretty lady?"

"There is no need for that," replied the lady, laughing, "my face has made my fortune."

"As such a pretty face was sure to do," said Sally. "But you have more good luck to come yet, I can see. Let me cross your hand with gold, and I will tell you all the changes which will befall you from now to the day of your death."

The lady took hold of a sovereign from her purse, and said, "There, now, if you tell me the truth, the next time I see you I will give you as much more. But, remember you must make me a promise not to tell any one that I have consulted you."

To this Sally readily consented, and asked what it was that she could do for her.

"I want you to tell me," answered the lady, "how long my husband will live."

Sally inquired his age, state of health, occupation, and other particulars. The answers of the wife made it but too clearly apparent that she had married her husband from sorid motives alone, and that she felt neither love nor gratitude towards him. Acting upon this discovery, and in obedience to the unmistakable hints of the lady, Sally gave her to understand that for a consideration she could help her to get rid of her present husband, and then she would be at liberty to accept the proposals of another gentleman, who would make his appearance directly she was free.

The lady listened eagerly to this awful suggestion, and inquired the means to be adopted, and the terms. Sally explained that she possessed a powder which would do the work effectually, but at the same time so slowly and silently that no suspicion would be excited, and no trace of its operation could be detected. The wife seemed highly delighted to hear of such a powder; but then came the discussion of terms. Sally would not run the risk without the promise of liberal remuneration and fixed conditions higher than it was in the wife's power to accept, without losing recourse to her husband for the means.

She tried to induce Sally to take double when the deed was done, instead of the stipulated price being paid beforehand; but to this arrangement the gipsy would not consent. It was, therefore, left that the lady should let Sally know if she accepted the terms.

"You, surely, never meant to be guilty of murder, Sally?" said Mrs. Debrett, with a shudder.

"Thank God, I was not so bad as that!" exclaimed Sally.

"But were any of your people? Did they really possess this mysterious powder which would produce death without leaving any trace behind?"

"I am shocked to say that death has sometimes been produced in this way; but I can now offer grateful thanks to Providence that I was never concerned in anything of the kind. Some of the old women of our tribe knew how to prepare a plant similar to the mushroom, dry it, and crumble it to a fine powder. This, when made into a decoction, was a deadly poison. If three drops were put into any warm fluid, such as milk, tea, broth, or the like,

the person who took it would soon be seized with fever, cough, and spitting of blood, and would sink in a fortnight, a month, or more, according to the frequency and strength of the dose. Though I never used it, or saw it used upon a human being, I know this preparation, which we call *dreli*, was very deadly in its nature. I have seen cats and dogs, as well as larger animals, put to death by means of it."

"Were you serious, then, in offering to give the lady some of it for her husband?"

"No, ma'am, I only wanted to get money out of her. But as I knew that the worst is always suspected of gypsies, and that I am a risk of getting into trouble for having talked with her upon the subject at all, I fixed a high price."

After Sally quitted the mistress she again saw the maid, who was so silly as to give her up the articles of dress and money agreed upon. These Sally, of course, intended to keep, and had not the slightest intention of restoring. In accordance with the plans of her company she would have quitted the neighbourhood soon after obtaining them, but she was compelled to do so more hastily than she expected. It appears the servant had listened at the door, while the gipsy and her mistress were consulting together, and had overheard enough to give her an idea of what was proceeding. Therefore, when she failed on the following Monday to obtain either her lost brooch, or her lost clothes, she determined in her anger to tell her master all the particulars. He was both frightened and indignant, and set the constables upon the gipsy's track. Happily for her, Sally received timely warning and made her escape. The mistress incurred the deepest censure for the part she had acted, though she succeeded in persuading her husband that the guilty plan was the gipsy's own, and that she had rejected it instantly with virtuous indignation. The maid-servant had the laughter and jeers of her acquaintance to bear, as well as her loss. As for Sally, she managed to keep her freedom; but it was several years before she again ventured into the locality, so strong was the feeling that was excited against her.

"What a wretched life you must have led, Sally," remarked Mrs. Debrett. "It seems as if you were constantly on the verge of punishment, and always escaping by the merest chance."

"You are quite right, madam. I was often in such a state of fear that the falling of a leaf would make me tremble. The gipsies is a hard life, indeed; though few of them have any wish to change, because they have never known anything better."

F A I T H .

Oh! take me by my hand, Mother,
And lead me on my way;
And let me nothing wish or ask,
But follow and obey.

I know that all you do is kind,
And all you say is true;
And oh! I'm very glad, Mother,
That I belong to you.

I like to feel I'm at your side,
I love to hear your voice;
And know that you decide for me,
Without my care or choice.

So let me put my hand in yours,
And guide me, Mother, mine;
Without a thought, without a wish—
Let all your will be mine.

Look at your gentle child, Mother,
Learn from her trustful love,
To grasp with strong, reliant faith,
The hand of Ooe above.

You know how love your child, Mother,
You know she loves you, too;
But the fathous depths of your Father's love
Have ne'er been proved by you.

So take His proffered hand, Mother,
And let Him be your Guide;
Be grateful you belong to Him,
And have Him at your side.

And learn of your trustful child, Mother,
Not to question, but obey;
To lean on His mighty strength, and leave
His love to choose your way.

The British Workwoman, OUT AND AT HOME.

"I BELIEVE THAT ANY IMPROVEMENT WHICH COULD BE BROUGHT TO BEAR ON THE MOTHERS, WOULD EFFECT A GREATER AMOUNT OF GOOD THAN ANYTHING THAT HAS YET BEEN DONE."—*Earl Shaftesbury.*

CHRISTMAS.

A HAPPY Christmas to you all, dear readers of the BRITISH WORKWOMAN.

We know you will have a welcome for the old friend who comes crowned with holly, holding the mistletoe-bough in his hand; and we hope his visit to you this year will be the happiest of any heretofore. You will greet him with song and laughter, and dancing eyes; may he bring you many happy hours, and lead you forth into the smiling pathway of a happy new year.

We are glad to be thus early with our wishes, because it is not yet too late to make some preparations for the coming festive season. Afterward, when the important ceremonies of chopping the suet, and stoning the plums, and decorating the parlour with evergreens occupy your attention, there would be less chance of our friendly hints being taken into consideration. Christmas, and indeed most other times, will be very much what we shall make it. Of course there are circumstances altogether beyond our own control. But very often God gives us the power of making our own circumstances, and those of others, happy or otherwise as we please.

Now let this Christmas be as happy as you can make it. Brighten up your home with a smile and a kind word for every leaf of Evergreen. Clean up the place—of course you always do that, but give it an extra polish for Christmas time. Bring out all the best books, and little ornaments that may make the room appear cheerful. Above all, bring out all the good temper you can muster, and banish frowns and sharp words and scornful looks far away from the Christmas fireside. Be as witty as you can. Hunt up all the amusing stories you can find, and see if you cannot bring a smile into the home-faces, that, perhaps, look care-worn enough all the year. Sing your Christmas pieces with a glad voice and a merry heart. But in the midst of your mirth, oh, be careful not to let an impure word sully your lips, a sinful action darken your conscience. For Christmas time should be holy as well as happy—seeing that we commemorate the birth of the All-pure and Sinless One, who walked the earth, Himself a man of sorrows, that He might bring peace and joy into the homes of men.

May we say a word to the British Workwomen away from home? Let all of you who can, spend Christmas at home. It will do you good to sit in the old place once more, and have a game with the little ones, on the Saturday or Monday, as in the dear old bygone days. If you can manage to get only a day or two for a holiday, it will be better than nothing. But if you cannot go home, is it not possible for you to invite the dear old people to spend Christmas with you? Many years they have worked, and wept, and been anxious on your account. You will be sure to spend a happy holiday if you are making them happy in return. If you cannot see them you can at least send them a little present, to prove that you do not forget them. Where brothers and sisters are away from home, working hard, perhaps, but still earning enough to live comfortably, would it

not be a good plan to unite together, and send mother a warm shawl, or father a thick coat?

There may be great satisfaction in taking a Christmas walk with a smart new bonnet upon one's head. But I think it would be a better satisfaction, a far deeper joy to know that there were bright eyes and happy hearts of your making, at home—where voices, tremulous with happiness, couple blessings with your name, where the little brothers and sisters clap their hands, and the parents say, "Ah, she is a dear good girl, our Mary,—and loves her home."

Perhaps, too, when you are altogether, a good round party of England's Workwomen, you may find a word of praise for the paper which has reminded you of old Christmas and its pleasures. And when you send your parcel home, it will not make it much heavier to enclose a copy of the "BRITISH WORKWOMAN" at the same time.

Dear readers, God bless you all, and make you very happy during this festive time; and for young and old, rich and poor, may the angel's song again be sung, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, and good will toward man."

M. F.

"WORTH HER WEIGHT IN GOLD."

One of the best domestic tales we have perused, for some time, illustrating the life of a country girl, who left her village-home for a place in London, has been sent us. It informs us that Maria, the heroine, had been brought up in a God-fearing manner, but Jane,



MARIA AND HER YOUNG MISTRESS.

her fellow-servant, was of a worldly turn of mind. The conversations between these two girls are given in a masterly style, and evince an almost perfect knowledge of humble life.

* W. Macintosh, Paternoster Row.

We quote a passage where we find Maria in attendance on her young mistress, who is confined by sickness to her room:

"I think, miss, you would make a good Sunday School teacher. When I first saw you, you reminded me of my own teacher, who was about your age when she began to teach. No one can tell what happy hours I have spent with her. The lessons were never too long, and she was so very calm and affectionate. We elder girls used to go to her class at the parsonage when too old for the classes in school, for she was our clergyman's eldest daughter, and she treated us as if we were her younger sisters. I had a letter from her only last week. She never loses sight of my girls who have ever been in her class if she can help it. I always feel delighted to hear from her, especially as she knows the lady who recommended me to this situation."

"Oh, indeed! Does she know mamma's friend?" asked Miss Petworth.

Maria feared that she had been saying too much, as she noticed that Amelia exhibited signs of weariness; she therefore answered the question put to her, and commenced reading in a low but distinct tone.

"On several successive days Maria performed the same task. She read and spoke on subjects for which her young mistress appeared to have a relish. One afternoon, when Maria came as usual to her bedside, Miss Petworth exclaimed with delight, "Is it not good news, Maria? Have they not told you? The doctor says I may venture to get up to-morrow, and lie upon the sofa in the drawing-room. I am so glad! I really could not have endured being confined here much longer."

"I am glad you are so much better, miss; but suppose God had visited you with a much worse affliction, would you not have tried to bear it patiently?"

"Ah! I see, Maria. I fear I have been somewhat impatient. And now I must not be too much elated,

lest I should be like some people of whom I have read, who have been more thoughtless after an illness than before. No; I would rather have it all over again, than feel like that. But I seem to want to get about and do something—and yet I don't see what that something is to be."

"There is always a fresh work for us all to do, miss."

"What is that?"
"To lead a new life. And that should be the especial aim of those who have been on the brink of the grave, as you have been, miss—but I fear," added Maria, "you may think that I ought not to speak thus to you: forgive me if I have forgotten myself."

"Maria, you know I like to hear what you have to say—may it not be that the Lord in His mercy has sent you to me? But what did you say—lead a new life? That is the very thing I have been resolving to do. I never cared much about going to places of amusement and gay parties; but papa has been so pleased to get me out, that I never liked to refuse him. Yet what should I do to fill up my time, if I engaged in no gaieties of any kind? I have been wishing that I could be like my friend Miss Harrison—she is always cheerful and never idle."

"You might speak to her, miss: she may give you much good advice. But I have often heard of my dear teacher's doings at home—she did an immense amount of good in the parish, and yet never appeared to do so much as she really did. I think I shall never forget a question she once put to us in the Sunday class. She asked us to think in what one way we might all of us be, more or less, like Christ: and seeing that there was a pause, she said that she would repeat two verses: 'He went about doing good.' 'Go, and do thou likewise.'

This was the last opportunity of the kind that Maria had: but her seasonable remarks were not lost upon Amelia. Her frail body gained strength daily, and her soul also was supplied with the dew of heavenly grace.

"Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies.

"Her children arise up, and call her blessed: her husband also, and he praiseth her."—Proverbs xxxi. 10, 28.

PAPERS FOR YOUNG WOMEN.

No. 2.—SWEETHEARTS.

At the close of my last paper we were speaking of *firls*. Now, does any young lassie, who is conscious of a fair share of good looks and pleasing manners, think I am going to be stiff and prudish? Does she think I would preclude her from one hour of innocent mirth, or social enjoyment? Certainly I would not rob her of one moment of right pleasure. I would only guard her from the thoughtlessness and recklessness which carries such things too far, and for a little questionable present gratification gives a great deal of future misery. In the coming season of joy and gladness—the merry Christmas time, when almost all in our land get an extra gleam of sunshine thrown across their pathway, and many hearts are literally filled with delight, I would have all our young British Workwomen among the latter class for the time—all absorbed into cheerful throngs and happy household bands—disporting themselves among friends, male and female—their faces beaming with joy, their hearts filled with love and gratitude. But a few right principles, or profitable thoughts stored away in the mind, will do no harm, even in the prospect of the time when nobody likes or is expected to learn lessons.

These festive seasons have a good deal to do with our subject—with sweethearts and sweethearts. Many a young lass will get her first sweethearts this Christmas—some be neglected for a new face—others, again, will get a new, in place of an old lover. But to think of those girls who *always* seem to be having fresh lovers! One sometimes knows or hears of young women, who, in the course of two or three years, will manage to attach to themselves, perhaps, twice that number of admirers, and then lose or get rid of them all, one after another. They may not merit the designation of *firls*, but they show an indecision, or a fickleness, and love of change, almost as injurious in its effects as flirting. I believe, in many cases, they are those who begin their sweethearts at too early an age, before they know their own minds, or understand what they are doing—or those who are too weak-minded to form prompt and just opinions for themselves. But you may feel inclined to ask if I would have a young woman continue to receive the attentions of a young man when she finds she does not care for him. Assuredly not. But it is a pity she couldn't find out whether she cared for him or not before she *encouraged* his attentions. It always saddens me to see a girl I am interested in frisking away upon one object after another—the affection she should be harbouring up for one man, and one alone. I think if I were the last accepted of half-a-dozen lovers, I should not care so much for the dregs of the cup that so many had been quaffing from before me. If you know anything of the value of a true woman's love, don't carelessly waste it; treasure it up till you meet some good man worthy of it, and who will rightly appreciate it.

Workwomen, of many classes, we laud to know have great trials and hardships to endure—long toil, scanty pay, and consequent saving and poverty. We rejoice for what has been done, is being done, and the far greater amount that shall in the future be done to mitigate and remove these evils. There is but one *privilege* that our young Workwomen enjoy to a greater extent, I believe I may safely say, than any other class of young women in the community; certainly, far more than the young ladies in the highest walks of life—I allude to the greater freedom they possess of choosing their companions and partners in life. In most cases they have only their own free will to consult. If a young man proposes, and the young woman is inclined to accept him, in nineteen cases out of twenty nobody tries to

prevent her; on the other hand, if she chooses to refuse him, no one tries to force her to accept. Working fathers and mothers who "had their choice when they were young," do not very often try to force their children's inclinations out of their natural bent, unless there is some very strong reason. (All the greater cause for consulting and trusting them, you see, girls.) The father doesn't often rage, and stamp, and threaten to disown his daughter, &c., &c., if she becomes engaged to a man of good character, as you have read or heard of aristocratic fathers doing, when their daughters presumed to choose for themselves, and the choice didn't please the said fathers. You have read of the old times, when fair ladies' hands were bestowed by their stern sire—quite irrespective of the aforesaid ladies' likes and dislikes, and those of their true and despairing lovers,—to appease some ancient feud—to patch up failing fortunes, or to secure some state interest. And, doubtless, family, and political, and property interests are sometimes served in a similar way in our upper circles. Some high-born maiden, caped and persuaded, entreated and threatened, into a match she does not like, might envy, in this particular, the freedom of the British Workwoman.

It behoves you then to use this privilege aright, for it is no slight one; it affects the happiness or misery of your whole after-life; so, do not regard it lightly, or exercise it heedlessly. By choosing, I do not, of course imply that you can offer yourself to a man—such a proceeding would not agree with our English notions of modesty—I simply mean the power of making choice between those

than dulcet tones wooing compliments, or engaged in lively talk.

And lastly, I could not consider my remarks on "manners" and "looks" complete without a few upon *dress*; though much has been said and much fault found on this head, while young Workwomen have profited little thereby, and resented much what they considered an interference. They think they have a right to do what they please with their hard-earned money. So they have, as long as they do not please to do wrong, or make themselves ridiculous. A girl cannot be doing right when she spends all her earnings on herself, and leaves some poor aged father or mother destitute of the few comforts age requires, or leaves some poor delicate and less successful sister to struggle unaided. Her finery does not become her, surely.

Dress as well as you can rightly afford, but you can only be dressed well when suitably dressed, i.e. according to your position. The very essence of well-dressing is suitability—suitability to age, form, complexion, and sphere of life. If you are not a lady what is the use of trying to pass for one? Nobody believes it, or thinks the better of you.

But whether you can afford to dress in simple or more expensive materials, try to dress in good taste. How one's sense of the ridiculous is often unavoidably stirred in walking through a manufacturing town on a Sunday or holiday, to see the piling up of feathers, lace, flowers, and every conceivable and inconceivable mode of ornamentation, without the remotest idea of fitness; and the mixture of pinks, magentas, and mauves—blues and mauves—blues and greens—scarlets and magentas, &c., &c., &c., in hopeless incongruity.

It is a great temptation to our young Workwomen to spend too much, sometimes all their spare earnings on dress and enjoyment. One would not grudge them a particle of harmless gratification or enjoyment. A good and conscientious worker deserves her pleasures and recreations. But these need not be costly or extravagant. The purest and simplest pleasures are likewise the cheapest.

Now, having cleared the way thus far, I suppose we may come to the question, "How and whom should you choose?" A very wide question, certainly. We cannot know; or if we knew, could not enter into the cases of all the individuals whose eyes may fall on this

G. U.

paper; but, if we turn up some hints that may assist you in making a judicious choice, our little chit-chat together will not be a waste of time.

Our good QUEEN recently made a visit to the British Orphan Asylum, at Mackenzie Park, Slough, accompanied by her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales and the Princess Helena, and attended by her suite. The royal visit was a strictly private one, and was not prepared for. The Queen and their Royal Highnesses, as is their wont, examined the institution with much interest, and her Majesty was pleased to express her approval of the arrangements made; she particularly noticed the needlework of the girls, and the writing and maps of the boys; specimens of all of which it was desired should be forwarded to Windsor Castle.

TESTIMONIES RESPECTING THE BIBLE.—"There never was found in any age of the world, either philosopher, or sect, or law, or discipline, which did so highly exalt the public good as the Christian faith."—*Lord Bacon*.

"There is no book like the Bible, for excellent wisdom, learning, and use."—*Sir Matthew Hale*.

"There is no book upon which we can rest in a dying moment but the Bible."—*John Selden* (called by Grotius, the glory of England).

"It is a matchless volume; it is impossible we can study it too much, or esteem it too highly."—*Robert Boyle*.

THE MATRIMONIAL CONTRAST.

(GUIDING SENTIMENTS.)

THE BRIGHT SIDE.
TEMPERANCE,
AGREEMENT,
LOVE, TRUTH, and CONFIDENCE,
SECURING THE REWARDS OF
PEACE AND JOY,
WITH A HOPE OF GLORY
THROUGH FAITH
IN
JESUS CHRIST THE SAVIOUR.

"Endure to the end, and ye shall be saved."

THE DARK SIDE.
INTEMPERANCE,
DISAGREEMENT,
HATRED, DECEPTION, & MISTRUST,
THE SURE FORERUNNERS OF
STRIFE AND MISERY,
WITH FOREBODINGS OF
Eternal Torment
THROUGH BEING THE BOND SLAVES OF
THE DEVIL.

"Except ye Repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

two little, yet most important monosyllables, yes and no.

But I think I may well finish this paper with a few more remarks about yourself. In my last article I spoke chiefly of your manners and demeanour. Let me say a word about *looks*. We, none of us, undervalue good looks, especially if we are the fortunate possessors. If you are one of these, be watchful that you are not led into vanity and undue love of admiration. A pretty face is very well to look at, but a good face is far better. If good looks are only the fair covering of a deformed interior—a proud and haughty spirit, a passionate, envious, and vengeful disposition, they will speedily cease to be attractive. At the very best they will pass away, so do not rely on them, or over-value them, but seek for more enduring qualifications. He who values you only by your looks, is not worth your consideration.

But supposing you have no need for fear on this score—if you are plain, *very* plain, and your best friends cannot credit you with one jot of beauty, never mind! do not despair! There is something—far better, far more attractive—even a loving and gentle heart, that displays itself in unobtrusive kindness and goodwill. The hard hand that is often stretched forth to help and bless, is a far better possession than white taper fingers, kept only in the service of self—the kindly beaming eye that the orb, which only flashes to dazzle admirers—and a rough voice softened by natural tenderness and sympathy,

**SUNDAY THINKINGS,
TO
BRIGHTEN WORK-DAY TOILS.**

Sunday, 14th December, 1864.

"HE COMETH, HE COMETH!"—*Psalms xxvi. 13.*
In Eden, man's sin alienated from God's grace in an echo of promise of One coming who should bruise the Tempter, and deliver the Tempted. Eve caught the promise, and treasured it in her heart. Gen. iv. 1. Enoch's far-seeing eye discerned the form of the coming One, at the very end of time, and he exclaimed, "Behold, the Lord cometh!" To Abraham was made known the time of His coming; he saw His day, and was glad. Dying Jacob heard his message—*"Son of man, to bring 'peace."* Moses beheld the Promised Land, so bright and glorious, in vision, saying that He would twice appear—a "Star" shining on the dark night of sin, a "Sceptre" ruling on the glorious day of restoration. Job knew Him as dead and alive for evermore, his "ransom" and his "redeemer." To David was revealed His twofold nature—His Lord and yet His Son.

As the time drew on, the vision grew brighter. Isaiah saw Him in the height of His glory, "lifted up upon a throne"; and in the depth of his humiliation, making "His grave with the wicked." He saw Him "bruised for our iniquities," according to that first promise to Eve, then rising from this brusie to be exalted at God's right hand, from thence sprinkling many nations, and trampling upon the heads of the serpent. He saw His hands covered with sores, His feet with blisters, His side with stripes, His head with a crown of thorns, the nail-holes in His hands and feet, the earth full of His praise. Haggai felt the earth shake beneath his chariot-wheels as He drew nigh—"The Desire of all nations." Zechariah stood so very near that he heard His voice, "Lo, I come," and could see little else beside the coming One—the Priest and King, the Branch, the Light, the Builder of the Temple, and its Headstone. He saw Him riding King amid boughs, betrayed for thirty pieces of silver, wounded in the house of His friends, forsaken by His scattered disciples. He saw His open the "fountain for sin," and the prison-house "by the blood of His crimson stream." And He looked on the world, and triumphed in the coming One, who said, "He shall be King over all the earth," when "His feet shall stand" in glory on the Mount where at first He lay bruised in an agony of blood. And Malachi's eye lighted on the same wondrous sight of sunrise over the whole earth.

All these, and many more, looked onward with steadfast gaze to that one "blessed hope" of all, "the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour, Jesus Christ." Sometimes their eye rested on the beginning of His coming. His first appearance—"to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself" seemed to mark its close. His second appearance "without sin unto salvation." We trembled at the hints of His coming, looking back to His first appearing, waiting for His second appearing. We come. We know it, for He is "with us." He comes in His Spirit, bringing life to the dead. He comes with fresh influences of grace to us every day. But we want His bodily presence also. We pant for His appearing, to see Him. He is, and be like Him, having done with sin for ever, glorious in body, and perfect in spirit. Now we see, but it is through a glass darkly; then, *face to face.*

Come, Lord Jesus, unto Thy "willing people." "Make haste, my beloved." Amen. Alleluia.

Sunday, 11th December, 1864.

"BEHOLD HE COMETH WITH CLOUDS, AND EVERY EYE SHALL SEE HIM."—*Revelation i. 7.*
Yes, He will come, in like manner as He was seen to go when a cloud received Him out of sight. St. John saw a vision of Him so coming. "I looked and beheld a white cloud, and upon the cloud one sat like unto the Son of Man, having on His head a golden crown and in His hand a sharp sickle." At the first appearing of the Son of Man He came to sow the precious seed of Eternity's life. When He comes again it will be to reap what He has sown; to gather into His garner the children of the Kingdom, in whose hearts the ineradicable seed has sprung up, and bring the harvests in bundles to turn them with the sickle of His scythe. Shall I be gathered in the sheaves or bound in the bundles?

Suddenness, stillness of midnight, when deep sleep has fallen upon men, the startling trumpet sound will be heard, and the light of His glory will flash from the one end of heaven to the other, and every eye will see Him coming with ten thousand of His saints, and all the Father's holy angels surrounding Him. Matt. xxv. 6;

Matt. xiv. 27. The sleepers will be awakened, and the prepared ones will be caught up in the clouds through the crooked air to meet the Lord as He comes. Then, of them in one house, some will be taken, and others left; two will be in one bed, one will be taken and the other left.

The loud trumpet summons will awaken even the dead, and those who sleep in Jesus hearing His voice will rise from the sleep of ages, the dust of death changed into a glorious body like unto His. And, the light of glory shining on the once aching braw, they also will go forth to meet the Bridegroom.

Then will that prayer, prayed now on the field of battle in the hour and amid the power of darkness, "Thy kingdom come," be fulfilled. The destructions of the enemy will be ended, and even the world itself will be delivered from the judgments of our Lord and of His Christ, and He shall reign for ever and ever.

An I read?"—"They that were ready went with Him, and the door was shut." Is my whole life one steadfast watch, like that of one who, waiting through the long, dark nights, gazes earnestly for the first streak of day? *Psalms ex. 6.* Seeing that we look for such things let us be diligent that we may be found of Him in peace without spot and blameless.

"Take ye heed, watch and pray, for ye know not when the time is. WATCH ye, therefore. And what I say unto you I say unto all, WATCH."

Sunday, 18th December, 1864.

"**UNTO US A CHILD IS BORN, UNTO US A SON IS GIVEN.**"—*Liesah ix. 6.*

It was night, and the shewy leaf sleeping on the plains of Judea. The shepherds watched over them, and the stars shone down through the darkness of the silent sky.

Suddenly all is changed. The sky is full of light, and music, and holy angels. The shepherds stand in a blaze of glory which has burst forth from the inner heavens, the presence chamber of the Lord. An angel speaks to them. He comes with a message from the King of Kings. It is good tidings of great joy to all the world, and to all this day. To the city of David, a Saviour is born to us! How shall they know Him? Where shall they find Him? "Ye shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger." And they came with waste and found the Babe even so.

Yes, amid the champing of the horses and the lowing of the oxen, "with fear for His pillow and a manger for His cradle, they found Him—Jesus—the Son of Mary, the Son of God! But if His infant weakness and His manger-bed tell the depth of His humiliation, the strains of heavenly music, the angels' voices, the air tell it still more. At the point upward to the height whereon they descended. Those glorious attendants, who had dwelt before Him in heaven, have swept downward after their King in His flight to earth, and now looking from the low manger upward to the High Throne, they sing, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will to men!"

And the music of their song will never die away. Its echoes have been caught up in living, adoring hearts ever since, as they have been opened to receive the "good tidings," the "great joy," "born to us a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." These, like the wise men in the East, let all go and seek their King, that they may lay at His feet precious gifts, not gold or silver, or myrrh alone; some have not these to give, but "the sacrifice of God"—contribute hearts and devoted lives.

The echo of the angel's song in my heart, or am I one of the busy crowd who did not give it a thought to make room for Him in the inn?

Christmas-Day, 25th December, 1864.

"**LET US NOW GO EVEN UNTO BETHLEHEM, AND SEE THIS THING WHICH IS COME TO PASS, WHICH THE LORD HATH MADE KNOWN UNTO US.**"—*"GOD MANIFEST IN THE FLESH."*—*Luke i. 15; 1 Tim. iii. 16.* Let us draw near to the manger and fall down and worship Him. "Great is the mystery!"

Dashed Him—

"The Mighty i-x. 6.
"The Mighty 'I.'—*Isaiah ix. 6.*
"Yet Mary's 'I.'—*Isaiah ii. 7.*

"The everlasting Father."—*Isaiah ix. 6.*
"Yet the young child."—*Matthew v. 11.*

"The Ancient of days."—*Daniel vii. 13; Mic. v. 2.*
"Yet 'The Babe'."—*Luke ii. 16.*

"Clothed with strength."—*Psalm xciii. 1.*
"Yet 'Wrapped in swaddling clothes.'—*Luke ii. 12.*

"In the bosom of the Father."—*John i. 18.*
"Yet 'Lying in a manger.'—*Luke ii. 12.*

"Whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain."—*2 Chron. vi. 6.*

"Yet 'There was no room for Him in the inn.'—*Luke ii. 7.*

I gaze in speechless awe at this great sight, and wonder and adore.

"My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour."

God's gift—this great joy which He has "sent to all

people"—is the true Christmas joy. "Unto us a Son is given, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord."

"Let every heart prepare a Throne,
And every voice a song."

On this last Sunday of the year 1864, I desire solemnly, with all my heart, to give you, while I am yet in the body, some words of mine to the God who has given to me to say that I may be Thine, and that Thou mayest be my God. In the name and by the power of "The Holy Child Jesus" put Thou this day the seal of consecration on my head. Let the anointing of the Spirit rest on me. "Defend, O Lord, Thy servant with Thy heavenly grace that I may continue Thine for ever, and daily increase in Thy Holy Spirit, more and more until I come unto Thine everlasting kingdom!" Amen. E. A.

WORKING WOMEN'S COLLEGE.

THIS College was opened at 29, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, on the 26th October, when an address, explaining fully the aims and object of the institution, was read before a crowded meeting of teachers and students by the secretary, Mrs. F. Malleson, Mr. R. B. Litchfield in the chair. She said—

"With the term work-women to represent all the various classes of women who are obliged to work for their living, and who, therefore, for that reason alone, cannot obtain teaching during the day. The various classes of break-winners, teachers, shopwomen, workers in all kinds of trades, domestic servants, have enjoyed, very probably, widely different opportunities of education, and coming to a conviction that schooling should not cease, but that the lessons of life and the lessons of books should always go on together, illustrating and interpreting each other. . . . What for are called the 'special duties' of women? the administration of home, the management of children. I am permitted to say no culture can be too wide or too deep, and that it is not difficult to find a woman who, training herself by the learning of a language, or the study of physiology, or history, or drawing, in habits of close attention to small things, of consistency of work and reverent patience, would make a better shopwoman, a better servant, a more valuable worker in any and every department of labour. . . . To the larger number those who come to us, I feel that they have little time at their disposal, and must do to improve themselves, I would say—Work steadily and study sparingly; that if I can, in your work, train your minds to habits of careful attention and thought—if you really use your minds in your work—the training is worth more than that which you really acquire; for in the one case you have gained a little knowledge—a few facts out of the stores that lie beyond; in the other, you have strengthened yourself to gain, collect, compare, and see constantly and always new facts and more knowledge, and can take care for yourselves, one and all, that the standard of education in the general body of our students is no mean one. It would be good that our students should read one book at a time, and that their time and taste should expend themselves in writing and speaking with correctness and clearness; should write clear, legible hands; that they should not be puzzled with simple accounts; that they should see things by the light of reason as well as through instinct; that they should know sufficiently of the elements of science to choose some one study to pursue; that they should have their interest awakened in the history going on around them, and have a genuine care, for instance, as to whether slavery is abolished throughout America or the franchise is extended in England. But beyond all this, I hope those of us who belong to the college will remember always the one end and aim of all our labours—whatever I may do in life, I will be enriched by devotedness, usefulness, earnest, earnest striving after good, may give to us all a yet higher idea of duty, of thankful service to God, and that the college may be an instrument helping us all to load more unselfish, more dutiful, more noble lives. If it fail in doing this it will, I fear, fail altogether, though our students should be numbered by hundreds. That the college succeeds in its purpose will be shown in the steadiness, order, and devotion of the class-work here. It will be shown in the coffee-room, where girls give a welcome to all new comers with a sisterly sympathy—where they strive to make the sad more cheerful, the lonely less lonely, the weary more willing to create new interests for those whose days have been filled with toil and small anxieties. It will be shown in the homes of our students, where women's strongest and happiest influence lies, in more deeply loving hearts, in more perfect relations, and wherever our students put before them as the ideal of womanhood—

A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
A Traveller between life and death,
The resounding, temperate will,
Enduring, frank, strong, and skill,
A perfect man, a perfect woman,
To work, to rule, and command;
And yet a spirit still and bright,
With something of angelic light.

MRS. NORTON'S GOLD THIMBLE.

A STORY FOR CHRISTMAS.

CHAPTER I.

A few days before Christmas Eve, 1863, Hannah Boden, the nursery maid at Mrs. Norton's, was sitting in the nursery, making some new flannel garments for the little ones. She was surrounded by the children, one or two of whom were coaxing her to tell them stories, another was talking about the delights of the approaching Christmas time, and the girls expected to be fixed on the Christmas tree.

"I know what I am going to have," said Isabel, a lively black eyed child of ten years old, remarkably intelligent and observant for her age. "I am going to have a pocket-book with a gold pencil in it. Uncle Henry said he should give it me next Christmas-day, if I had been very good; and you know, Hannah," said Isabel, with an air of pride, "I have been very good for a long time, haven't I?"

"Pretty well, Miss Isabel," said Hannah, a neatly dressed fresh-complexioned girl of eighteen; "you might have been worse, and you might have been better."

Isabel tossed her head, glistening with glossy browncurls. "Mrs. Manders, my governess, says I have been very good; and Miss Manders will be at our Christmas party, and she will tell uncle Henry so."

"Well," said Hannah, "I hope you will get the pocket-book and pencil, Miss Bella, since you want them; but what need has a little girl like you to have such things? it is only grown up ladies who use pocket-books and pencils."

"Mamma says I ought to have one," said Isabel, "because I forget things so. If I have extra lessons to learn, I forget all about them till the time comes, and if I put them down in a book, I can look at the book every now and then, and that will help my bad memory, mamma says."

Hannah laughed. "I think, Miss Bella," she said, "it would be better for you to try and improve your memory, instead of helping it by putting things down."

"Mamma says I ought to have it," said Isabel, "and she knows better than you, I suppose, Hannah."

"I suppose she does," said Hannah, laughing.

"Hannah," said little Mary, a child of eight years old, "what would you like best in the whole world, if you were to have a present made you?"

"Ah, yes," said Isabel, contemptuously, "what in the world would you like, I wonder; let us hear, Hannah?"

"Oh, tell us, Hannah, do," said the other children.

"Well," said Hannah, "let me see; not that any body is at all likely to make me a present, but if you want to know what of all things in the world I should like best—why—"

"Yes, yes," said the children in an eager chorus.

"I should like," said Hannah slowly, "a nice rich thick black silk dress."

"For shame, Hannah," said Isabel, who was very fond of repeating on her own account the remarks of her mother, and those of grown up friends she was accustomed to listen to. "A silk dress is not proper for a servant; I am sure mamma would not allow you to wear it here."

"No, Miss Isabel, I know that," said Hannah, her face flushing; "only you see I can remember the time when my poor mother wore a good black silk dress, and I have always fancied I should some day like to have one, just to wear when I go out."

"Was your mother a lady?" lisped out little Helen, the youngest child, who had been gravely listening to the conversation.

"No, Miss Helen; not, at least, what you would call a lady, but we were respectable—father was a tradesman, in a good way of business, only he took to drinking and ruined himself," said Isabel, abruptly.

"And you all came to poor. I heard mamma tell Mrs. Price all about you one day. Mrs. Price said you were a nice gentle girl, and mamma said she liked to have servants about her that had been respectably brought up. And mamma said that when your mother died for want of having proper things when she was ill, your father became mad and died, too, in the hospital; and then some relation took care of you and your brother, till you were old enough to go to service."

"Which I did when I was fourteen," said Hannah, wiping the tears which had come into her eyes at Isabel's abrupt and unreflecting remarks; "and my brother Robert went to sea. Bless him, I wish I

could see him once again; he is four years older than me, and such a dear, handsome boy."

"A boy," said Isabel, "why he must be quite old."

"Yes, Miss," said Hannah, smiling, "he would seem so to you, I dare say; but he is quite young, and I dare say if ever I see him again, he will bring home a present for me from foreign parts."

"Did he ever tell you so?" said Isabel?

"He has said so in his letters. I have had several from him since I have been in service."

"Goodness me," Hannah, said Mrs. Norton, who just then came into the nursery, "haven't you finished those flannels yet? why you are all behind hand!"

"I have done them all, but putting on the tapes, ma'm," said Hannah, and presently her mistress quitted the room, taking the two eldest girls with her to go for a walk.

That evening, when the children had gone to bed, Mrs. Norton, who lived at Kensington, desired Hannah to go to Knightsbridge, to make some purchases requisite for the Christmas preparations. Mr. Norton was not a rich man; in fact, he was a clerk in a banking house, and his income was about five hundred a year. The house at Kensington, therefore, was small, and the establishment mismatched.

Margaret Ray was the housemaid and cook, and Hannah was nursery-maid, making herself useful just as her mistress required her. The place was a comfortable one, and Mrs. Norton was a bustling kind of person, who prided herself on keeping her house and servants in the very best order. Margaret Ray was about four and twenty. Mrs. Norton esteemed her quite a model servant. She was a tall, thin young woman, with heavy black eyebrows, a long nose, and thin pinched lips. She always looked poor and solemn, and was grave and respectful to her mistress, while Hannah was occasionally too free of speech, and gay in spirit, to please her mistress.

Margaret Ray gave her mistress's orders to Hannah,

"You are to go to Mr. Clarke's, and buy four pounds of raisins, four of currants, two pounds of candied peel, a quarter of a pound of spice, half a pound of almonds, and three pounds of eggs; and Mistress you are to ask Mr. Clarke to change this ten pound note. Mistress has written her name at the back, she says; and I shall, you see, take particular care of the change. You will have nine pounds eleven shillings out of the note. Master has given it to Mistress to get Christmas things with, so don't lose it."

"Not likely," said Hannah, gaily. "I should not have those flowers in my bonnet if I were you," said Margaret, demurely; "servants ought not to wear such things."

"Perhaps not," said Hannah, sharply. "When mistress tells me to leave them at school."

"She will do so, you may depend on it," answered Margaret. "I only told you to save a scolding."

"Thank you," said Hannah. "I'm sure I wish I could be dowdy as you, are Margaret, but somehow I can't."

"Mind you go to Wrench the carpenters" said Margaret, calling after her. "Tell him to come up to-morrow, or send about those blind rollers."

"I won't forget," said Hannah, her ears tingling and her heart beginning to beat; for at Wrench's there was a young journeyman, James Mason, who had shown such attention to Hannah, that she could not help thinking them particular; besides that, she was by no means averse to them. She had contrived to possess herself of some information regarding James Mason, and he bore the character of being a sober, industrious young man, so that she was not at all likely to forget her errand to Wrench's, if she forgot anything else. Just as she closed the door behind her, a young man came up to the steps. It was too dark for her to see his features, but the sound of his voice made her heart, which had before been beating, almost stand still.

"Please, does Hannah Boden live here?"

"Oh, Robert, Robert, it isn't, it can't be you," And her arms, spite of the uncertainty, were round his neck in a moment.

"When did you come home, dear? Why, you're quite a man, Robert."

"What, this bonny young woman my little sister Hannah? well, times do alter folks. A young man, I well I just think I am. Mayn't I come in?"

"Not to-night, Robert; but I am going to Knightsbridge. Walk with me. We can talk just the same as if in doors."

"Very well," said Robert; "I only got into London Port yesterday, and I went to Aunt Rydon's to find you out; for you see, though you had written in your letters where you lived, somehow I had forgotten, besides I thought you might have left.

However, the same afternoon I heard of another ship, and as she sails to-morrow, why I hadn't any time to spare, so away I came, and here I am. I have been all round the world nearly since I saw you last, Hannah, and I suppose I'll go round it again, before I see you once more?"

"Oh, Robert," said Hannah, "don't tell me such bad news as that. What, only this one glimpse of you, and then to lose you again for ever so many years?"

"Never mind," said Robert; "when I come back again, you'll be married, I dare say you're growing a pretty girl, Hannah; and perhaps then you'll give your sailor brother a berth by your own fireside, eh?"

"That I will, Robert, if I have one," said Hannah blushing rather consciousness.

"But look here, my dear Miss. I have not forgotten you; you used to look for a black silk gown. Now, I spent some of my savings when our ship was at Geneva, and here is the result, a good thick black Georgette silk, intended to last you life, with care," said Robert, laughing.

"Oh, Robert," said Hannah in ecstasy; "well, I little thought that ever I should have my wish; and I think," she said, "it will last my life, for I can't wear it very often."

"There it is," said Robert, putting a long slender parcel in her arms. "And now, I suppose,—as they call it Knightsbridge,—we must part; fare you well, dear sister. I am to sail in the Mary Ann, bound for New York to-morrow, as third mate; and before I see you again, I hope I'll be first."

They stood a little while before the grocer's shop, and then parted; Robert taking a farewell kiss. Hannah executed her commission, including calling at Wrench's, where she stayed a few minutes talking to James Mason about her brother; then she returned home. She let herself in with the key, and before she went to her mistress, she went to her own room to take her things off, and to put away in her box the precious silk. She determined to say nothing about it to Margaret, as she dreaded the lecture she should hear from her fellow-servant on the impropriety of wearing silk dresses. She little knew that when Margaret Ray went out for a holiday, that young person went to a confidential friend's house, where she took off her plain attire and dressed herself out in crinoline, silks, and other finery. The fact was, that Margaret Ray was a specious hypocrite, who assumed the character of a grave, steady domestic, while in her heart she coveted pleasure and finery.

Hannah took her purchases and change, nine sovereigns and clever shillings, into the parlour. Everything was right. Mrs. Norton placed the change in a small rosewood work-box, which stood on a table. Next morning Isabel came down to her mamma; she was going to make her a new frock for Christmas. Would mamma please to let her have the rosewood work-box up in the nursery; she would keep it quite tidy. Mrs. Norton was busy in the kitchen giving directions to Margaret. She told the child she might take it, quite forgetting that she had placed the money in the work-box. Isabel worked at her doll's frock till tea time; then she returned the work-box to her mother. Just then Hannah came in to ask her mistress if she might go out for an hour or two after tea.

"Yes, you can go, Hannah," said her mistress. And Hannah went to her aunt's to hear if Robert had sailed. Two days after Margaret was making mince-meat, and required some things to finish with. Mrs. Norton felt for purse. "Good gracious me," she said to herself, "I forgot to take the money out of the little work-box." She went to the work table where it stood, opened the box, took out the top, and looked in the well for the gold and silver, which she had wrapped up in paper—it was gone!

"Send Isabel here," she said to Margaret, who stood looking on demurely unconscious.

Isabel came a minute after, running in. "Do you want me, mamma?"

"There was some money in the well of this work-box the other day, when I lent it to you, Isabel. What have you done with it?"

Isabel gave a blank look of amazement.

"I, mamma, I never saw it; I never took off the top at all; I used only the cottons which were in the top drawer."

"You are sure."

"Certain, mamma."

"Did you leave the nursery while you were working?"

Isabel reflected. "Only once, mamma, when I came to ask you for the pink silk."

"Who was in the nursery then?"

"Only Hannah, mamma; she was ironing; Helen and Mary were gone to tea at uncle Henry's."

"That will do. Send Hannah to me."

And Hannah, wondering, came. She heard what her mistress said, in utter dismay. In reply to her assertions, Mrs. Norton said the money was gone, and it could not have gone without hands; and Hannah was compelled to admit that no one had entered the nursery during the time that Label was working.

"You are welcome to search my box, and search me, ma'm," she said, in answer to Mrs. Norton's angry accusations. "I never saw the money since I gave it to you, and all the police in the world can't make me say to the contrary."

"I will search your box."

"And mine, too, ma'm, please," said Margaret; who had been brought to the scene of contention, by the confusion of tongues.

"Very well, both."

And Margaret's box was first searched; nothing was in it, but the nestest of garments and collars in perfect order. Hannah's box was the next searched, and the first thing visible was the paper parcel; it was opened, and displayed to view a beautiful piece of black silk, glossy and thick in texture. There was a general exclamation.

"Oh, Hannah!" said Isabel, "do you remember telling us the other day that all you wished for was a black silk dress. Oh, mamma!"

And the proof was deemed conclusive. Hannah's declaration that it was her brother's gift, was treated with scorn. In the midst of the scene, Mr. Norton arrived home. He was appealed to, and evidently believed in Hannah's guilt. Hannah's aunt was sent for; but though she corroborated the statement of Robert having come from sea, she knew nothing of the present of a black silk gown.

"I will not prosecute you, wretched girl," said Hannah's master: "but go, you are dismissed without a character; and if you dare send for one, all shall be told."

And the weeping girl packed her few possessions, and left the house and there.

"You will let me come to you, aunt," she said, as her relative followed her out.

"Never, Hannah," was the answer. "You have disgraced me bitterly, let your ill-gotten gains support you—I will not."

Saying this she turned round, and left the unfortunate girl in the street with her box.

A quarter's wages were due to Hannah, but Mr. Norton had not offered to pay her, and she had not dared to ask. She had half-a-crown of her last quarter's wages in her pocket; and rousing herself at last, sought out a humble room in Knightsbridge; and spent the day before Christmas in fruitless endeavours to gain a place. Who does not know the value of a character. To all the inquiries, Hannah, with a sick heart, could only reply she had none to give, and the doors were shut against her, and suspicious frowns came over the faces of the questioners. Once Hannah ventured to tell the story of the black silk dress, but she had scarcely got through before she was desired instantly to leave the house. Christmas-day came; she had been compelled to pawn the black silk dress, to obtain the solitary cook-shop dinner she sat down, and to pay for her poor lodgings. As, on Boxing-day, she was wandering about in the evening, after having vainly sought employment, she brushed against a couple who were flitting along by Knightsbridge Barracks, dressed to their heart's content. She raised her eyes, and to her great amazement saw it was denure Margaret Ray—dressed in all the colours of the rainbow, arm in arm with a life-guard. They turned into a public house, where there was a "Select Concert Room," at which "select" place, in fact, Margaret had first met the pretended lover, on whom she wasted all her wages, and for whose sake she now appeared in her unbecoming finery.

(To be continued.)

BOOKS RECEIVED.—"Angels: Ethereal and Material," and "Sweet Peas," an Allegory. "The New Shoes; or, What a Little Child May Do." "Flowers Replaced," "Sunshine or Clouds." London: Emily Faithfull.

"The Book and its Missions," No. 107. W. Kent & Co.

"Calvary!" An exquisitely finished Photograph of a carving in ivory by Erol. Shewn at the "International Exhibition," and particularized as the "Gem of the Roman Court." It is a wonderfully exact representation of Raphael's painting of "Christ Bearing the Cross." Published by the London Stereoscopic Company. We shall notice it in our next.

"HOME AGAIN, MOTHER, DEAR!— A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU!"

Home again at Christmas! How these simple words quicken the pulses and warm the heart! And what a host of affectionate and happy memories—or, it may be, perchance, of sorrowful remembrances, they evoke from the past! There are, indeed, no two words in the language which mean so much, or round which the warmest affections, and best and kindest feelings of our nature cluster so thickly, as "Home"! and "Christmas!"

Our artist has sketched a scene which will surely be enacted in many a home at this season, and the picture speaks eloquently of the joy experienced in a family reunion at the blessed time of Christmas. The principal interest of the scene, it is evident, lies in the meeting of the mother and her son. That is a true touch of nature; and it needs no stretch of imagination to discover that it is a good son who returns to greet a good mother.

Away from home, in the year that has gone by, that mother's influence has followed him, and doubtless helped him to resist the temptations that assailed the heart, and to avoid the snare that beset the footsteps of youth. A good mother's teachings at home are sure to exercise this influence when her son has gone forth and takes his standing-place in the great struggle with the world. It is at once a panoply to guard him, and a light to guide him, and the memory of her love and teachings is the dearest treasure of his heart. Happy are the sons who have good mothers, and happy are the mothers whose sons, thanks to their home-teachings, are enabled to return into the family circle with their young manhood unstained by the soil and sin which they must encounter in the rugged and difficult pathway of life, strewed as it is with a thousand pitfalls and sinful allurements.

Not only men, but nations, are what mothers make them, and no truer sentence was ever written than that "the hand that tends the infant rules the world." The fond mother who clasps her darling to her breast is the first to impart to it the tender impressions which will surely develop into rules of conduct, and determine, in no small degree, the future happiness both of her offspring and herself; a truth with which the declaration of the inspired volume has made us familiar—"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Blessed are the mothers who are competent to discharge this sacred duty fully. When such a mother, and a child so trained, meet under the roof-tree of home, at the loving time of Christmas, there is not in the world a purer happiness than theirs.

There is cause for gratitude in the morrow of every day that is past; for so tristly is life that no man can tell whether the shadow cast by his form in the morning will be prolonged by the rays of the evening sun; and even when we "take the timbrel and harp, and rejoice at the sound of the organ," we are "as stubble before the wind, and as chaff that the storm carries away." If we are elated from day to day because we are mercifully spared to see another dawn, how much more cause is there for exultation when the Great Christian Festival, full of hope, and promise, and love, comes round again—when the chimes ring out the advent of Christmas, the season of peace and good fellowship among men, the time when all differences and heart-burnings should cease, when all hatred and strife should be forgotten, when old alliances should be renewed, old estrangements smoothed away—when we can do no wrong in imitating the simplicity and gaiety of children in memory of Him who was once a child Himself—when it becomes a solemn duty for those whom heaven has blessed with competence to give from their abundance to the poor and lowly—when by the very neediest among us some trifling gift may be bestowed, some Christmas token, be it ever so humble, interchanged, in loving remembrance of Him who gave to the world Himself, and has left us an everlasting legacy of redemption.

Let us do thus, in remembrance and honour of the more that saw the Redeemer's nativity, and heard the sublime announcement of "Peace on earth, and good will toward men"—that morn when

No war or battle sound

Was heard the world around;

The idle spear and shield were high up hung;

The hooked chariot stood;

Unstained with human blood;

The trumpet spoke not to the armed throng,

And kings stood still with awful eye,

As if they surely knew their Sovereign Lord was ty.

SONGS OF THE WORKERS.—No. 2.

WELCOME TO WINTER.

TUNE—"My Own Blue Bell."

We welcome Winter, old and grey;

As marcheth along o'er its snow-clad way;

We smile as we clasp its icy hand;

For it bringeth a Christmas joy to our land;

It bringeth a song which has oft been sung—

Good will, good will to the old and young;

So we gather around our fireside board;

And give it a welcome with all our might—

We welcome Winter, old and grey, &c. &c.

We work away 'mid frost and cold,

Nor weep that the year is growing old;

Our hearts are brave and our arms are strong;

And we work to the measure of happy song:

We spare a mite for the old and poor;

Who weep and shiver before our door;

And we grow contented with our lot;

For our God above forgets us not—

We welcome Winter, old and grey, &c. &c.

We laugh on, and sing, in spite of the cold—

For mirth is better than silver or gold;

And gather the little ones round the home,

And make them glad the Winter's come;

For hearts are warm 'mid the ice-bound land,

And joy shall reign in the household hand;

While grateful hearts look up to Heaven,

And sing for the mercies the Lord has given—

We welcome Winter, old and grey, &c. &c.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The present position, and early reception into favour, of the "British Workwoman" is very encouraging. We cannot afford space for a title of the commendations we are daily receiving—not only from the press, but also by letter from ministers of the gospel of all denominations, and also from private individuals, whose warm and generous approval can only tend to stimulate us to still greater exertions.

One valued correspondent, E. G., is informed that the subject of Sewing Machines must continue to remain over.

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